

# Good Morning 598

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Four Smiles  
for Sto.  
Harry  
Metcalf



STUART MARTIN SAYS:

## When Cops are Armed, Guns can Save Lives

I HAVE often discussed with police officers the question whether the police should be armed. Mainly they hold that the British cop can get along quite well without arms. Maybe they are right.

But I know of two occasions when it would have been better if arms had been available. Lives would have been saved. The two occasions were the hold-up of a payroll in Tottenham and the Sydney Street affair. Both were packed with drama, guns, blood and death.

I've told the inside story of Sydney Street. Now listen to the tragedy of Tottenham and the missing payroll.

I wasn't in on this scene, but I was on the spot shortly after the play was ended, and here's how it began. Not far from the police station in High Street, Tottenham, there was a small rubber factory in January, 1909. One Saturday morning the pay clerk went to a bank in a car, driven by a chauffeur, to get the week's

wages. This amounted to around £80. When the car drew to a standstill by the gates this morning, the clerk got out with his bag, and just then he was jostled by two men, one of whom snatched the bag.

The chauffeur leaped out and found a revolver levelled at him. One bullet whipped off his cap, another cut his coat. The two bandits then ran.

I may as well tell you the names of these two to save time. They were Russians, Paul Hefeld and Jacob Meyer, alias "Jacobs."

The theft was a matter of seconds. A passer-by tried to grab Hefeld, but Jacob Meyer shot this man in the head. Victim number one.

A woman who was out shopping did her best to delay the robbers by pelting after them potatoes from her basket. Thus a dinner was wasted. There were many wasted that day.

Two policemen, Tyler and Newman, came on the scene and leaped into the car to pur-

sue. As the car gained on the fugitives Hefeld turned, rested his gun on his arm, and fired several times. One bullet smashed the windscreen, another grazed the driver again, a third smashed the radiator. The car was out.

Tyler and Newman continued on foot. A small boy was ahead of the crowd. Hefeld and Meyer turned once more, firing accurately. The small boy fell dead.

The chase led towards Tottenham Marshes. The policemen, ahead of the crowd that was also chasing by this time, were within hailing distance of the two when Tyler shouted, "The game's up, you two!"

Hefeld swung round, sighted his gun with care, and fired again. Tyler was dead before he touched the earth. Newman was hit in the cheek, but he still went ahead.

By this time the chase had attracted many other pursuers. Men on horseback joined in. Men in horse-traps joined also.

A motor-bus was requisitioned, so were several cars. More police came, uniformed and un-uniformed. The telephone and telegraph were flashing messages. The idea was to head the murderers off and corner them.

The divisional inspector at Tottenham, named Large, had no time to organise a "consultation." As the news came in he had to act on his own and quickly. Superintendent Jenkins took charge.

By this time the fugitives were well across the Marshes, but the pursuing police were gaining. Near the canal Hefeld and Meyer turned and fired again. Another policeman went down and another boy was wounded.

At a bridge across the canal a workman saw the chase coming towards him, heard the calls to "catch" the men. The workman hurled a brick at them as they came near. He was shot down at once.

The two fugitives made a short stand on the bridge, aiming and firing rapidly. There was only one policeman with a revolver, one he had been given at the police station. He and others tried to rush the Russians. The latter wounded twenty of the chasers before they took to their heels once more.

They reached Chingford Road, held up an electric tramcar by firing at the driver, then boarded the tram. There were only a woman and a boy inside as passengers, and Hefeld rushed at the conductor, put a gun to his head and told him to get to the driving platform. He was forced to start the car.

A man passenger who came downstairs sprang towards Hefeld and was shot in the neck, and lay bleeding.

Police officers in pursuit commandeered a pony and trap standing by the pavement and began to drive after the tram. The pony was shot down and the officers thrown out of the trap.

The police then reversed another tramcar and started off again. Shouts and warnings rang out all over the place. A motorist drove his car across the tram track.

Down leaped Hefeld and Meyer, ran across the street, shot down a milkman and took his cart. This cart was wrecked in a collision, but the gangsters then captured a greengrocer's cart.

This time they were out of luck. The cart was fastened by a chain brake and could not move, even though the horse was lashed with the whip. So the ruffians abandoned that and ran again.

All this time, mind you, stray shots were being fired by the policeman with the revolver and also by some civilians who came to help with shotguns. But no shots hit the flying thieves, who kept firing back.

A constable on point duty was seen ahead, and the sight of him made Hefeld and Meyer swerve in the Epping Forest direction. They found themselves, after they had crossed a meadow, faced

THEY were expecting Frank home the day we chose for our visit to 67 Hooper Road, Custom House, E.16, Stoker Harry Metcalfe, and the family were quite excited about it.

We just had time to get Frank's wife, Gwen, into the picture before she rushed off to meet your brother, but we were afraid she must have been a little late in getting to the station.

As it wasn't so long since you had been home yourself, there was not a lot of news your parents could give us, apart from the fact that Bill is still getting on well, and hopes to meet you some day if his Fleet Air Arm duties take him in your direction.

As you will see from the photograph, Harry, your mother, father, and young Maisie are keeping well, and they all say they are looking forward to seeing you again.

with a high fence of barbed wire. Here Hefeld fell. A policeman rushed up to get him, but Hefeld put his gun to his own head and fired. It was his last cartridge. He died in hospital a few days later.

But Meyer got away and kept going. He was passing a building that was being erected when a plasterer began to throw debris at him. The missiles missed. Meyer swung round and shot the workman dead. Then on again.

But this confused him. He made for a cottage, entered by

up. Then back to the door where the two officers were standing.

Dixon said that as they stood there the door suddenly opened and Meyer fired at them. They leaped back in time. Then the door slammed and was bolted from the inside.

They called on Meyer to surrender. He flung some words at them, but the door remained bolted.

The point was to get him out of the room. Downstairs somebody had brought a dog by this time. It was a mongrel, very fierce and growling. The dog was let loose, bounded up the stairs barking, and Meyer gave a half-yell from the room and fired his gun. Then silence, except for the barking of the dog.

The door was of thin deal, and a double-barrelled gun was brought up and fired into it. The pellets just hit the wood without breaking it.

It was Cater who finished the job. He broke open the door, thrust his arm inside and fired several shots all round the room. Meyer yelled again. He also fired several times.

The officers rushed into the room. Meyer was lying on a child's bed, blood streaming from his forehead.

They dragged him downstairs, backwards, and laid him on his back in the yard. The crowd surged round.

He was dying. They watched him die, the blood flowing, and a queer, ghastly grin on his face.

That grin frightened most of the onlookers. It never left his face. His eyes had a terrible wild stare all the time. That stare and the awful grin unnerved even some cops.

He died there as he lay, still grinning and staring. It was never established whether he had shot himself or been hit by Cater's shots.

Well, it saved the hangman a job. But the peculiar fact of the whole case was that they found only £5 on Meyer. They never found any more of the £80 that had been stolen.



"Maybe Jack WAS a sucker to swap a cow for a bag of beans! But let's get on with the story!"

the back door and slammed it after him.

I can tell you what he did inside, for the woman who was there told me. The first thing he did was to rush to the kitchen water-tap, fill a jug and drink it off in a long draught. The second thing was to threaten the woman. She fled out of the front door with her baby in her arms.

But a boy was left indoors. Meyer flourished his gun at him, then made a bolt for the chimney. He tried to climb up, but it was too narrow. He dashed upstairs and turned the key in a bedroom.

He was a fox treed, and he realised it too late.

But how to get him? Two officers, Detective Dixon and P.C. Cater, reached the house. They had a revolver each.

They managed to get into a lower room through the window. They climbed the stairs cautiously. Hearing them on the stairs, Meyer appeared at the window and volleyed with his gun at the crowd coming

## Here's Blonde Bombshell!

### P.O. Arthur Bailey

WELL, here we are, P.O. Arthur "Bill" Bailey, and, yes, we have done the job for you and saved your face! And to prove it, here's a picture of the blonde bombshell — your bombshell! Nineteen-month-old Arthur junior.

Your wife opened the door of No. 1 Rose Hill Avenue, Newton Heath, Manchester, to us, and a look of complete surprise spread over her face as she learned that we really were from "Good Morning."

Mrs. Bailey is now firmly established in your new home, and she and Hilda get on fine. They are now waiting for the day when you come on leave.

Margaret, your wife, and Arthur the Second are going to walk down the road to meet you and introduce you with all the pomp and ceremony of royalty to your new home!

Arthur thinks it is a great place, and has a whale of a time all day and every day, tearing round in circles, finding new cubby-holes, trundling up and down stairs, running in and out of the rooms, and always declaring he's "lost."

Margaret says he gets more mischievous every day, and she says it is a full day's work to cope with him. In fact, she has never been more ready for bed in her life than when she has had a "full day of Arthur."

He hates convention at his time of life, and makes no bones about the whole thing.

Margaret tried to comb his



hair for the photograph which you see here, but that was cutting things too fine... after all, Daddy would much rather see him with his hair all ruffled and his face all sugary. Daddies understand little boys—they don't expect them to be all spic and span! So the vocal chords came into action, and the roof is now in a precarious position!

We also visited your mother, Bill, and met your two sisters, Lillian and Maureen, and

brother William. They all send their love to you.

Willie had a dose of tonsillitis, but is now fighting fit again and ready for the Mine. "Being a Bevin Boy isn't so bad," he says.

Well, Bill, this is where we came in, and much as we would like to stay longer to chat on about young Arthur and the family, there are a lot of other chaps waiting for us, you know.

Cheerio, and keep smiling, Bill.

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# A Woman planned the first Sea Voyage

THEY SAW IT FIRST  
No. 4—By C. N. DORAN

If you want to know who first used sails on ships, the answer is—the people of Queen Hatshepsut.

If you want to know who planned these sails the answer is—Queen Hatshepsut.

If you want to know who made the first sea voyage known to history, the answer is the same.

She was the first great woman known to history. She organised a voyage from Egypt to Punt, as it was then called. Its present-day name is Somaliland.

She did more. She caused the story to be carved with reliefs and inscriptions on the walls of her beautiful Der-el-Bahri temple at Thebes.

The organisation of that first sea voyage was an inspiration. Queen Hatshepsut—she belonged to the glorious Eighteenth Dynasty which reigned from 1580 to 1350 B.C.—was one day entering her temple to read her supplications before the throne of the Lord of

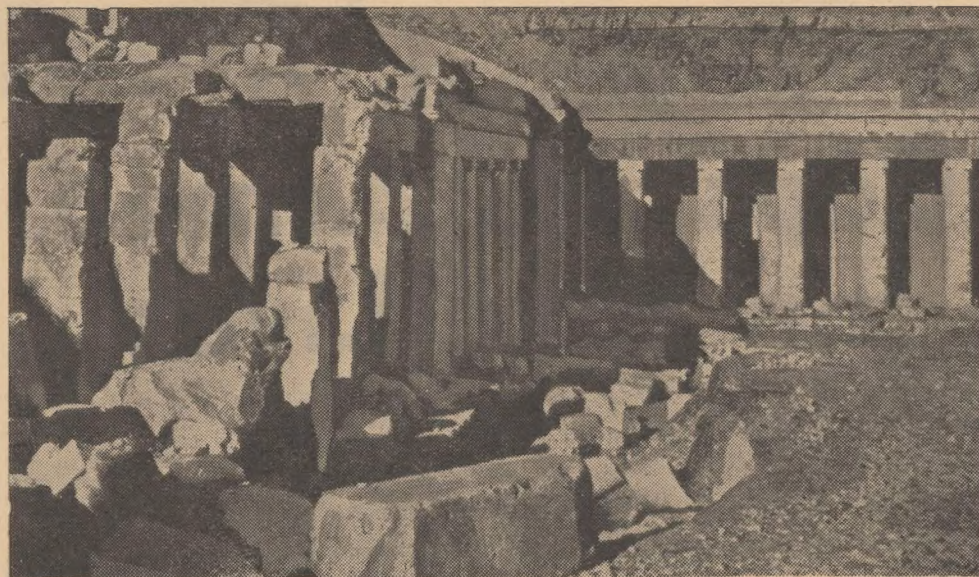
Karnak, when a command came through.

The god Amon thus spoke: "None of the Egyptians have climbed the Ladders of Incense. I created it, and I therefore lead your Majesty . . . that the aromatic gum may be gathered at will and the vessels filled with incense trees and all the products of the earth."

The Queen decided to build five vessels as she saw them in her dream, five galleys manned and packed with picked crews.

They were loaded with supplies for the voyage. A Royal Envoy commanded. The flotilla went out to find the land of Punt.

The route they took was one



All that is left of the mighty tomb of Queen Hatshepsut, the "Elizabeth" of her day.

never before attempted. They ashore. The Royal Envoy took the Roman route and sailed eight soldiers with him. They up the Elephant River, which laid out gifts on the sand—a lies between Ras-el-Fil and Cape battle-axe, a dagger, bracelets, Guardafui.

They anchored opposite a village that had never seen strangers and motioned to the inhabitants to take the goods. One man came down to the beach, with followers at his heels. He was the chief of the village, buying for what they took and making the natives happy.

This village was built on piles, at his heels. His weapons were a boomerang and a dagger. For this was really the land of the Ladders of Incense.

woman riding on an ass. The gifts made friendship between the Egyptians and the natives.

The Egyptians found the fragrant woods they sought, with ebony and pure ivory. They found the gold of Emu, with cinnamon wood, materials for eye-cosmetics. They loaded their ships, buying for what they took and making the natives happy. For this was really the land of the Ladders of Incense.

Everything was there that was dear to Egyptian eyes and commerce and worship.

They found, besides the strange natives, that there were baboons, monkeys with heavy fur, panthers with god-like heads, dogs of the like they had never seen before.

"Never," say the inscriptions on the Temple, "was the like of this brought for any King of Egypt who has been since the beginning."

They touched at various ports on the return, finally landed at Thebes. The Queen awaited them. She gave the mariners an official reception and saw all that had been brought to her treasury.

Then she went to the Temple and offered to the god Amon, "the incense trees, electrum, ebony, a live southern panther and 3,300 small cattle."

She retired to her chamber and "prepared a perfumed unguent for her limbs; she gave forth the smell of the divine dew, her perfume reached even to Punt, her skin became like wrought gold and her countenance shone like the stars in the great festival hall, in the sight of the whole earth."

She had brought prosperity to her land. Historians have named her as the "Queen Elizabeth of her day." She sent out more expeditions. She drew plans for her vessels, she chose the crews.

And then, about 1479 B.C. she died, full of glory and power.

Her mighty tomb is at Der-el-Bahri, under the great cliffs, much of it still in a fine state of preservation. The record can still be read on the walls of the Temple.

## QUIZ for today

1. A thistle is a guard on a sewing machine, stick for stirring porridge, part of a loom, tot of brandy?

2. What name is given to a group of leopards?

3. What famous naturalist got the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries established?

4. In what district of London is the site of the Crystal Palace?

5. Name the seven deadly sins.

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Dorothy Sayers, Anthony Trollope, Agatha Christie, P. G. Wodehouse, George Gissing, Conan Doyle.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 597

1. Rabbit.
2. (a) A unit of heat; (b) catgut.
3. Alexander Selkirk.
4. Jerome K. Jerome; W. W. Jacobs.
5. Germany.
6. John Barleycorn is a colloquialism for beer; others were real people.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



WEYMOUTH Red Cross girls ran a snapshot competition the other day for proud fathers serving in the U.S. Forces. They did it in self-defence, because so many of the Yanks were in the habit of showing them snaps of their small sons and daughters way back home.

The contest was to decide (1) the most beautiful, (2) the most handsome, and (3) the cutest children among the photos entered.

More than fifty wallet-wrinkled and worn "snaps" were entered and displayed in the lobby of the American Red Cross Club.

Judging was by popular vote, and the contest aroused tremendous interest.

The fathers of the winning youngsters were as delighted as if they'd received another war medal!

★

ONE of the women volunteers for Christmastide postal work gave Southampton G.P.O. officials something of a shock.

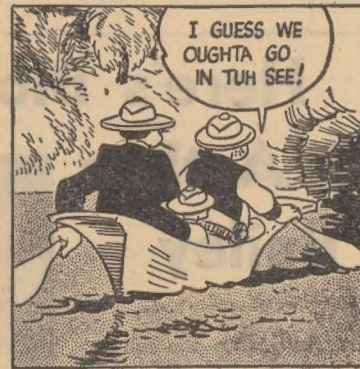
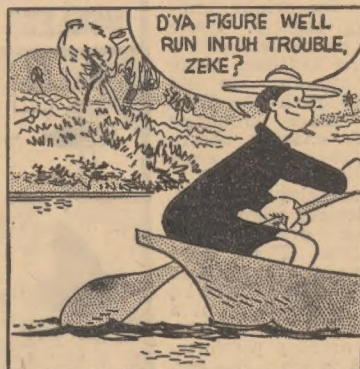
"I would like to do letter-sorting," she said. That seemed to be all right, so she was taken to the sorting room.

Then she exclaimed: "Oh, I want to take the letters home and sort them there, because I have three babies to look after!"

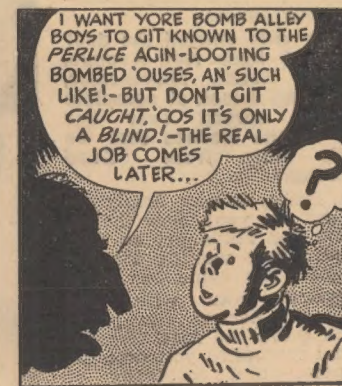
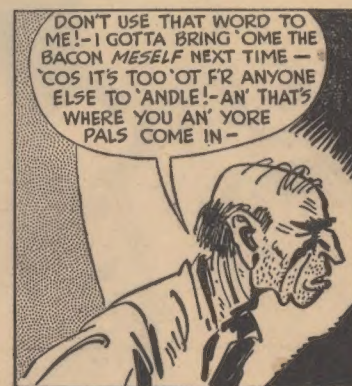
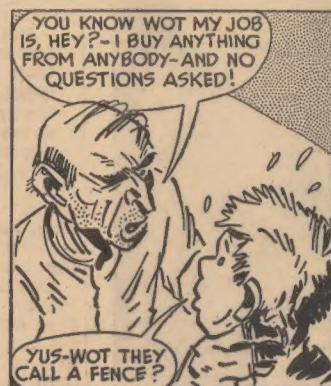
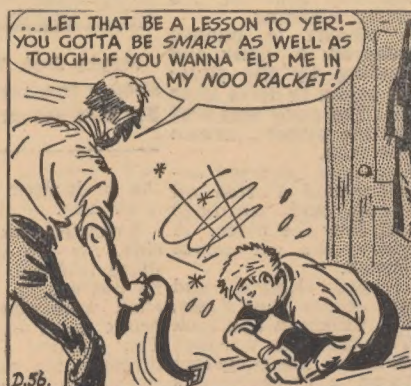
★

PLASTICS is becoming a word to conjure with in Wales. A derivative of coal, this district is getting big plans ready to exploit latest developments. A factory to employ 1,000 is in prospect in Cardiff. "Jobs for all" is now the main preoccupation of the city fathers, who are all out to get chains of factories in the district. The Government has announced a big new hot-strip mill for high-speed tinplate manufacture, which will put Port Talbot on the map. It will enable Wales to defy competition in the world's markets.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





WANGLING WORDS - 537

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: S\*R\*I\*H\*F\*R\*A\*D.  
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GALE into WIND, and MOON into STAR.  
3. What famous public school has TERH for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 536

1. ENTERTAINMENT.  
2. BEER, beet, bent, lent, hint, line, WINE; RULE, mule, male, mane, mine, LINE.  
3. SalISbury.  
4. Ginger nigger.

JANE



He spent a Fortune on Valentines

LOLA FULWELL no doubt pouted as a silken heart, pierced by a silver arrow, fell out of an envelope on to her bed one Valentine's Day.

There were dozens of letters and dozens of Valentines, all from her different admirers, but her chief boy friend had promised her something very special.

Ronnie Longfellow, of Jacksonville, Oregon, had as poetical a disposition as his famous namesake. He was handsome, rich and generous. His father had left him the better part of a million.

He had always sworn that when he met the girl of his heart she should never want for anything. And when Lola looked out of her window she saw a carriage drawn by four snow-white horses, with ribbons instead of reins, and two little make-believe plaster Cupids perched where the footmen might have stood.

"That's another Valentine!" phoned Ronnie. "But there's

more to come... I want you to marry me. What's more, showing his affection.

Then he woke up one day to find a Valentine pinned to his pillow.

It told him curtly that his wife could stand his cloying affection no longer, and hoped to find happiness with another man.

Ronnie brooded darkly. For all his determination to present the world with a perfect romance, he found himself in the Divorce Court.

Yet he married again, and the disillusionment he had suffered did not prevent him from starting his second marriage with ideals as sky-high as ever.

"If I can't be the perfect lover," he said, "I'll be the perfect husband..."

He did his level best. He never appeared unshaven before breakfast. He never forgot to bring home flowers, chocolates or other gifts. He never forgot an anniversary, never forgot to compliment his wife's prettiness.

Ronnie, she told the judge, was "too perfect to be stood." But Ronnie overlooked the one snag in perfection. This wife left him, too.

Ronnie surveyed the perfect ruins of his own creation. "Nuts to Cupid!" he declared in effect.

Then he went to see his lawyers and told them all his money was to be used to found a kids' home.

To-day, the Longfellow Children's Home is one of the finest sights of Jacksonville, Oregon. And over its doorway there is a Valentine worked in stone—a heart pierced by two arrows.

Ron Garth

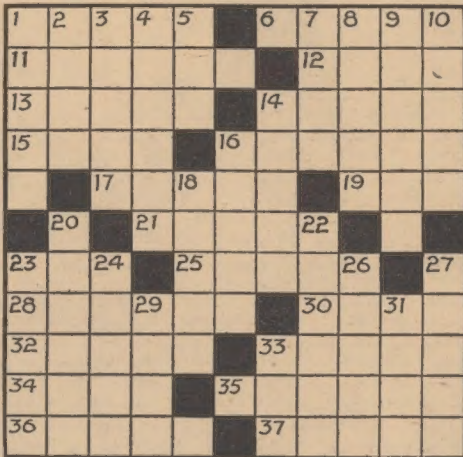
ALEX CRACKS

Wife: "Where were you last night, Henry?"  
Husband: "It's a lie. Who told you? It's a lie."

Father: "I've only just got out of the train and yet you're asking me for money already."  
Schoolboy: "Well, father, you must remember the train was half-an-hour late."

"When I was a girl I was so slim that I posed for a painter who was doing a picture of Eve and the Serpent."  
"How interesting. And who was Eve?"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

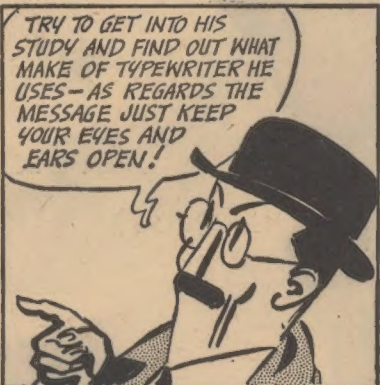
- 1 Truth.  
6 Sponge.  
11 Support.  
12 Armed place.  
13 Close-packed.  
14 Girl's name.  
15 Egress.  
16 Fairy.  
17 Indian State.  
19 Male title.  
21 Bird.  
23 Curve.  
26 Be Obsequious.  
28 Fish.  
30 Implement.  
32 Scent.  
33 Elegy.  
34 Insect's home.  
35 Gear.  
36 Colour.  
37 Hem in.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Chafed.  
2 Top.  
3 Sequence.  
4 Reel.  
5 Willy.  
7 A distance.  
8 Girl's name.  
9 Free.  
10 Anaes.  
11 thetic.  
14 Fissure.  
16 Wooden shoe.  
18 Fire rod.  
20 Rougher.  
22 Intimation.  
23 In.  
24 Shut.  
26 Tolls.  
27 Ships.  
29 Musical instrument.  
31 Make eyes.  
33 Fish.

ASH HEEL  
COMA LOG  
NADIR FORTE  
URGENT SEWS  
M. ENERGETIC  
EH. SOU. NE  
REGISTERS N  
ARUN SLOPED  
LOINS DOOMS  
S. LEA ETUI  
MERGER TRY

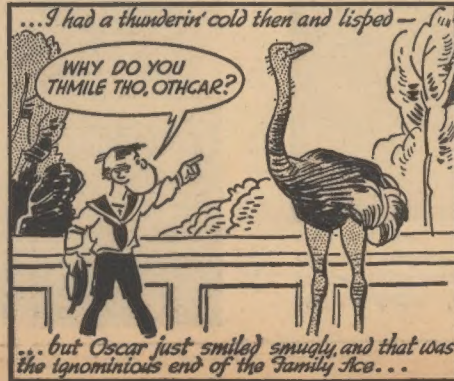
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



HOME TOWN NEWS

SHIPS LIGHT MISSION.

SAILORMEN the world over come in contact with the Missions to Seamen. Do you know it started off the Welsh coast more than 100 years ago? To be exact, in 1835.  
Rev. Dr. William Ashley was walking on the Somerset coast when he noticed the twinkling lights of ships in Barry roads and round the Flat Holms. He wondered who was caring for the welfare of those men, especially over the week-ends. So he set out in a small boat with his son, went from ship to ship with his message. It was from that small beginning that the world mission was formed.  
This past Christmas, sailors from an Admiral to a galley boy on a tramp celebrated in their hundreds at the Mission Hall on Cardiff dockside. Its stained glass windows have for many decades sent out a beckon to sailors of many races and tongues.

HOUSING HUSTLE.

BUSIEST office in Wales to-day is the housing section of the Welsh Board of Health, which is prodding local authorities to speed up their preparatory work for post-war homes. Joint committees have been formed between the R.D.C.s and County Councils with a view to closer co-operation.  
In the rural areas housing conditions are generally described as "shocking." It was bad enough before the war, but the increase in the land worker population has made the shortage of houses and overcrowding still more acute.  
In other areas local authorities have been asked to submit at the earliest moment their proposals for permanent houses.  
More than 5,000 temporary Government houses have been allocated to Wales, and have been divided among local authorities. Actual delivery and erection awaits preparation of sites, which is being pressed forward.

PHIZ QUIZ

Once, his nose was the most famous feature in the entire sporting world—thanks to Tom Webster. He only had to point his nose at them and the balls sat up and begged.  
(Answer to-morrow.)  
Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 597: Tommy Trinder.





# Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. It's a crisp morning, with more than a touch of frost in the air. You've walked far, and you've earned your pint! So drop down out of the high Chilterns to this quaint old town of Wendover. You'll find many a hostelry with warmth and a welcome awaiting you.



Here is another play suit style! Why the difference in styles should be so marked, when the games to be played in them are so similar, is a point that escapes us. Perhaps a Wren reader could enlighten us.



This clever play-suit will be all the rage on the beaches this summer. It is two-piece, and has the new knee-length detachable shorts, with generous gusset at seat for extra comfort of movement. The material chosen is a serviceable, heavy-weight flannelette.



It is proposed to include from time to time on this page pictures of the "Good Morning" staff at work. We can't vouch for this one: we can only report that it was obtained by placing the camera to the keyhole of the Editor's room one afternoon when he was supposed to be out.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

